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**IN VACATION.****Knowing the Law.**

John Boyd was a thrifty farmer, but an exceedingly cautious man. He hauled hay to Marshall, Saline County, his nearest market, on Saturdays, and sometimes let his wagon stand on the "square" while he went around making purchases for the house.

There was a piratical cow roaming around town at her own unfettered will, and she soon became acquainted with John's habits, and knew it was dinner time when he came to town. John had "shooed" her away from his hay wagon until he got tired, and at last he sought legal advice. Judge Samuel Davis, of the Fifteenth Circuit Bench—then a practicing attorney—was the recipient of John's tale of woe.

"Colonel Davis," he said, "if you drove to town every Saturday afternoon with a little jag of hay, and an old speckled cow come around and eat up the hay while you was buying molasses and things at the store, what would you do to that cow?"

"Shoot her," said Davis, promptly.

"Hey?"

"You bet I would. I think I know that old cow, and if she'd come along poking her nose in my wagon, I'd blow her blame brains out too quick."

John wasn't entirely satisfied. He thought over the matter, and concluded to pass the question up to another disciple of Blackstone. Davis' advice smacked too much of anarchy. So he consulted William Thorgmocton, an old and tried advocate.

"You chump, you, don't you know if you killed a man's cow that way you'd be guilty of a felony, and they'd send you to the penitentiary?" said Thorgmocton, indignantly.

"But Colonel Davis said to shoot her."

"He did, eh? What does he know about law, I'd like to know! Never won a case in his life except by a scratch on some miserable technicality. But you do as you please, John—kill her and go to the pen if you want to."

John went back to Davis, and told him what Thorgmocton had said.

"Said I didn't know anything about law, did he?" roared the Colonel. "Well, we'll see who's right. You come in next Saturday with your hay and a gun, and if that cow gets near your wagon, shoot her down. If they send you to the pen I'll go in your place. I'll teach that fellow what I don't know about the law!"

"But, Colonel," protested the hay merchant, "he read me a whole lot of stuff out of the books, and said there was no getting around it."

"Read fiddlesticks!" thundered Davis, "He's dead wrong, I tell you. I know, because that old speckled heifer's my cow!"—Case and Comment.